

Production No. 1F17

The Simpsons

"LISA'S RIVAL"

Written by

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Created by  
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Developed by  
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TABLE DRAFT

Date 9/9/93

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"LISA'S RIVAL"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER  
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
SWASHBUCKLER.....HANK AZARIA  
NED.....HARRY SHEARER  
ROD.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
TODD.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
MISS HOOVER.....MAGGIE ROSWELL  
RALPH.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
ALLISON.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
GIRL #1.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MOLEMAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
STAN.....HANK AZARIA  
PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER  
MR. LARGO.....HARRY SHEARER  
JIMBO.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
HELEN LOVEJOY.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
SKINNER'S MOTHER (O.C.).....PAMELA HAYDEN  
MOE.....HANK AZARIA  
STUDENTS.....ALL

GIRLS.....PAMELA\NANCY\YEARDLEY  
MRS. GLICK.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
THIN MAN.....HARRY SHEARER  
FAT FREDDY.....HANK AZARIA  
MR. TAYLOR.....HARRY SHEARER  
FISH (V.O).....PAMELA HAYDEN  
ENGLISHMAN.....HANK AZARIA  
BEEKEEPER #1.....HARRY SHEARER  
BEEKEEPER #2.....HANK AZARIA  
JANEY.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
FOREIGN EXCHANGE .....  
STUDENT.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
SHERRY.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
VARIOUS KIDS.....ALL  
CHILDREN.....ALL

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE**

We hear **SCALES** being **PLAYED** over and over on a saxophone.

**INT. LISA'S ROOM**

LISA is practicing. BART BURSTS in with his hands over his ears.

BART

Lisa, will you keep it down!? I'm  
trying to make a bomb out of sparklers,  
and I'm very close to a breakthrough.

LISA

It's my room and I can do what I want.

BART

Oh, yeah? Well, I can do what I want  
in my room.

Bart runs into his room and we hear **BANGING** on the wall. Lisa continues to practice **LOUDER**. Pictures fall off the wall, awards fall from her shelves. Dust rises from the carpet. Lisa tries to compete with the **BANGING** for a few beats, but then gives up.

LISA

Bart, quit it!

BART (O.S.)

I can keep this up all day.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM**

We see Bart is lying on his back, **THUMPING** the wall with his feet. He is reading a copy of "Bomb and Blow-Gun Magazine."

BART

(EVIL CHUCKLE)

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM**

Lisa **SIGHS**, defeated, and walks out of her room, carrying her saxophone.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM**

Bart has left big black footprints on the wall.

BART

Uh-oh, scuff marks. Wait, maybe I can  
turn this into something creative.

Bart starts trying to make a design with his feet. We're **TIGHT** on his face as he concentrates. **PULL BACK** to see he's just made a gigantic ugly smudge on the wall.

BART (CONT'D)

Maybe I can't.

**INT. GARAGE**

**TIGHT ON** Lisa, practicing. We **WIDEN TO** to see HOMER **POWER DRILLING** into the body of a 35mm camera.

HOMER

Lisa, stop the racket. I'm trying to  
fix your mother's camera. Now easy...  
easy.

He picks up a hammer and **POUNDS** on the drill. The camera breaks into many pieces.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(LOOKING AT MESS) I'm gonna need a  
bigger drill.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

MARGE is on the sofa reading a swashbuckling romance novel titled: "Love In the Time of Scurvy." She **SIGHS** dreamily.

**MARGE'S FANTASY**

Marge, dressed in buccaneer period garb, is in the arms of a FABIO-TYPE SWASHBUCKLER. They are on the deck of his pirate schooner.

MARGE

My, these seas are certainly heaving.

SWASHBUCKLER

No more than your bountiful bosom...

M'lady.

MARGE

(GIGGLES; THEN) Does that earring mean  
you're a pirate?

SWASHBUCKLER

Kinda... Ahhh, the seas have quieted...

(FIGHTING SAX) And only in the sweet  
embrace of quietude can two lovers  
truly be as...

We hear a saxophone **LOUDLY** begin **PLAYING**.

MARGE

What the hell is that?

**BACK TO SCENE**

Lisa is **PRACTICING** in the living room.

MARGE

Lisa, honey, could you practice  
somewhere else? Your mother's trying  
to study her...history.

LISA

Mom, I'm auditioning for first chair in  
the school band and I've got to  
practice!

MARGE

I'm sorry, but I sacrificed a very  
expensive camera just to get some quiet  
time.

Lisa looks over at MAGGIE who looks back up at the  
saxophone and shoves two pacifiers in her ears.

LISA

Fine. I'll play outside.

She storms out.

**EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD**

Lisa is **PLAYING** her sax. **SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER** approaches  
and begins nuzzling.

LISA

Aw, you don't mind my practicing, do ya  
boy?

Santa's Little Helper jumps up, grabs her mouthpiece and  
bolts off.

LISA (CONT'D)

(CALLING) Come back, boy! Come back!

(THEN) Eh, who needs a mouthpiece.

She **BLOWS** into the sax, making a funny **HOLLOW SOUND**.

INT. FLANDERS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NED

Hey, that sounds like Gabriel's  
trumpet. You know what that means,  
kids?

ROD / TODD

Yay! Judgment day!

MAUDE quickly hides a copy of "Love In the Time of Scurvy"  
and picks up a copy of the Bible.

INT. LISA'S CLASSROOM - THE NEXT DAY

We are at the tail end of a test. Lisa sits with head and  
arms covering her paper to prevent copying.

MISS HOOVER

Forty-five seconds till "pencils-down."

We see all the KIDS around Lisa look up in panic and start  
writing faster.

RALPH

(WHISPERING) Lisa, what's the answer  
to number seven?

LISA

(WHISPERING) Sorry, Ralph. That would  
defeat the purpose of testing as a  
means to evaluate student aptitude.

RALPH

(BLINKS BLANKLY) My cat's name is  
Mittens.



MISS HOOVER

Threee, twoo, onne and that's "pencils-down." Now here's an oral extra credit question: What was Christopher Columbus actually looking for when he discovered America?

Lisa raises her hand. No other hands go up.

MISS HOOVER (CONT'D)

Anyone besides Lisa for a change?

Lisa smiles proudly. Ralph raises his hand.

MISS HOOVER (CONT'D)

Ralph, this better not be about your cat.

Ralph puts his hand down. Miss Hoover **SIGHS** with disappointment.

MISS HOOVER (CONT'D)

Oh, alright, Li...

A girl, ALLISON TAYLOR, suddenly puts her hand up.

ALLISON

Columbus was looking for a passage to India.

MISS HOOVER

Correct, Allison! And on your very first day in our class!

ALLISON

And during a subsequent voyage, Columbus found what is now the continent of South America.

MISS HOOVER

(VERY IMPRESSED) Yow-wee.

LISA

(STUNNED) I didn't know that.

**EXT. SCHOOL YARD - LATER - RECESS**

**KIDS PLAY.** Lisa approaches Allison who sits alone.

LISA

Hi, Allison? I'm Lisa Simpson.

Welcome to our class. Nice job on that extra credit question.

ALLISON

Thanks. Of course, Columbus didn't really discover America, but history is written by the victors.

LISA

It's great to finally meet someone who converses above the normal eight year old level.

ALLISON

Actually, I'm seven. I was just skipped ahead a grade because I was getting bored with first grade.

LISA

(UPSET) You're younger than me, too?

Lisa puts a paper bag up to her face and takes a couple of **BREATHS.**

ALLISON

Are you hyperventilating?

LISA

(COVERING) No. I just like to smell my lunch... I never met anyone who skipped a grade before.

ALLISON

I'm surprised you haven't been skipped. You're obviously smart enough.

LISA

Well, I'm sure I could have, but I'd hate to give up the relationships I've developed with my classmates over the years.

Some popular girls from Lisa's class walk by, shoving her.

GIRL #1

Out of the way, brain queen.

LISA

(FRIENDLY) Hey, Sara! (WEAK LAUGH; THEN TO ALLISON) Well, I better get going. I have to practice for band auditions.

ALLISON

Me, too! What instrument do you play?

LISA

The sax.

ALLISON

Me too!

LISA

I'm going for first chair this year.

ALLISON

Me, too!

LISA

(STRAINED) Wow, with so much in common,  
I'm sure we'll be the best of friends.

ALLISON

Me, too.

LISA

Me, too.

**INT. HOMER'S CAR - LATER**

Homer and Bart are bringing home a pizza. Homer is eating a slice while letting Bart steer the car around treacherous curves and obstacles.

BART

(WORRIED) Hurry up and finish eating!

HOMER

You're doin' fine, boy... (SUDDENLY,  
FAST) Hard to the right! Hard to the  
left! Cat!... Deer!...Old Man!

GRAMPA

(SCREAMS)

Homer finishes his pizza slice.

HOMER

Mmm, I think I'll sneak one more slice  
before we get home.

Homer opens the box, which is empty.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS) The pizza's gone!

BART

(MAD) You ate the whole pizza...

AGAIN!?

Homer throws the empty pizza box in the back seat with several other empty pizza boxes.

HOMER

We have to go back until we get this right.

Homer does a u-turn and drives back toward the pizza place, once again swerving to avoid obstacles in road.

BART

(CALM, QUICKLY) Squirrel...

Raccoon... Old Man.

GRAMPA

(SCREAMS)

BART

Jackknifed sugar truck.

HOMER

Sugar!

Homer slams on the brakes and jumps out of the car.

#### ANGLE ON SUGAR TRUCK

The driver, MOLEMAN, is trying to stop sugar from pouring out of the truck with one hand. His other is peeling off a "HOW AM I DRIVING?" bumper sticker. Homer and Bart approach.

HOMER

Don't worry, buddy. Here's a quarter.

Call for help at the nearest phone...

Homer notices a phone near them and blocks Moleman's view of it with his body.

HOMER (CONT'D)

...which is down the road a couple miles. I'll keep an eye on things here.

MOLEMAN

If only this sugar were as sweet as you, sir.

HOMER

I know, I know. Just remember you owe me a quarter!

Moleman exits down the road.

BART

Wow, Homer, I'm really proud of you.

HOMER

Quick, start loading this sugar in our car. We hit the jackpot, here! White gold! Texas tea...sweetener.

Homer grabs a shovel and begins scooping sugar into his car.

BART

Dad, isn't this stealing?

HOMER

(EATING HANDFULS OF SUGAR) Of course not, son... (QUICKLY) Keep an eye out for the cops.

**INT. HOMER'S CAR - A SHORT WHILE LATER**

Homer is up to his shoulders in sugar. Bart struggles to keep his head above the surface.

HOMER

(HUMMING AND SINGING) "Brown sugar!/"

How come your pants smell good?/"

Yeah... Yeah... Yeah... Woo hoo!

They drive by the hitchhiking Moleman, still holding the quarter Homer gave him.

HOMER (CONT'D)

So long, sucker!!

An old station wagon pulls over. The side of the car reads: STAN, THE RARE COIN MAN, -- FORMERLY STAN, THE OLYMPIC PIN MAN. Moleman gets in.

STAN

Hey, fella, I couldn't help but notice that rare Liberty head quarter you're holding. Would you take ten thousand dollars for it?

MOLEMAN

Yes, I would.

**INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - THAT EVENING**

Marge is reading. Lisa is doing homework.

LISA

Mom, why am I still rotting away in the second grade instead of being skipped ahead where I would be more challenged?

MARGE

I don't know, honey. I guess that's  
the school's decision to make.

LISA

Well, did you ever talk to anyone at  
the school? Make a few calls on my  
behalf? Maybe you could've been  
"nicer" to Principal Skinner, if you  
know what I mean.

MARGE

Lisa!

LISA

I'll bet they purposely didn't skip me  
because I'm related to Bart.

MARGE

That's ridiculous!

**FLASHBACK**

**INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR**

We see Miss Hoover talking to PRINCIPAL SKINNER.

MISS HOOVER

Seymour, Lisa Simpson is really doing  
outstanding work. Let's move her ahead  
a grade.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Why, I think that's a splendid...

Bart comes hopping by on a Pogo Stick spraying the walls  
with a can of paint.



PRINCIPAL SKINNER (CONT'D)

No, I don't think so.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN

The family is at the dinner table, picking at their food.

MARGE

Homer, I really appreciate you making dinner, but this food tastes a little strange.

LISA

It hurts my teeth.

HOMER

That's because I've loaded it with SUGAR!!... Marge, our ship has come in! I found five hundred pounds of sugar (NUDGING BART) -- in the forest - - that I'm going to sell directly to the consumer. And all for the low, low price of one dollar per pound. We'll make millions!

MARGE

But the grocery store sells sugar for thirty-five cents a pound.

LISA

And it doesn't have nails and broken glass...

BART

Or chunks of tar...

HOMER

Those are prizes. Plus, my face is on  
every bag, guaranteeing quality,  
freshness and value.

Homer holds up a paper lunch sack with a crudely drawn  
picture of himself and the words: "UNCLE HOMER'S REAL GOOD  
SHUGAR." The kids LAUGH.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, just remember, they laughed  
at Milton Berle, too.

The bottom of Homer's bag breaks and the sugar spills out.

SFX: SMALL SOUNDS OF METAL AND GLASS HITTING FLOOR

HOMER (CONT'D)

Ooo, a Q-Tip!

INT. SCHOOL BAND ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

MR. LARGO is holding auditions. Skinner is helping judge.  
The FOREIGN EXCHANGE STUDENT is playing an extremely long  
alpenhorn.

MR. LARGO

(TO EXCHANGE STUDENT) While I applaud  
your choice of an exotic instrument,  
I'm afraid the alpenhorn does come with  
its own unique set of problems.

ANGLE ON WINDOWS

Several BAAING sheep are trying to get into the room.

MR. LARGO (CONT'D)

Okay, it's your turn, Jimbo.

JIMBO steps forward and **HITS** a tambourine one time.

MR. LARGO (CONT'D)

(PLEASED) Someone's been practicing  
over the summer. Welcome aboard!

JIMBO

Yes!

Jimbo thrusts his fist skyward in victory and exits.

MR. LARGO

Lisa Simpson, trying for first chair  
saxophone.

Lisa steps up and starts **PLAYING**. She is very good.

MR. LARGO (CONT'D)

Very nice. Now, Allison Taylor, also  
trying for first chair saxophone.

Allison steps up and starts **PLAYING**. She is equal to Lisa.

MR. LARGO (CONT'D)

This is a very tough decision, girls.  
You're both very good.

Allison **PLAYS** a complicated jazz riff. Everyone **APPLAUDS**.

MR. LARGO (CONT'D)

Well, I guess that clinches...

Lisa **PLAYS** an equally complicated riff. Everyone **APPLAUDS**.  
Allison **PLAYS** the beginning of "Night Train" and is joined  
by Lisa. They play the first part together, then alternate  
in a solo battle. They work to a fever pitch, with people  
**CLAPPING** and dancing, all except for Skinner.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

(TO LARGO) I've never understood the  
appeal of "music." Give me silence,  
the sweetest rock 'n roll of all.

The solos get intense with each girl holding a prolonged  
note. Their faces are turning colors. Finally, Lisa  
passes out and falls off the bandstand.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Lisa wakes up. Mr. Largo and some of the students are  
standing over her.

MR. LARGO

That was a close one, Lisa, but you  
made it!

LISA

I won first chair?

MR. LARGO

No, you regained consciousness...  
Allison got first chair.

Lisa SCREAMS.

DISSOLVE TO:

Lisa wakes up again. Mr. Largo and some of the students  
are standing over her.

LISA

(WAKING UP) Oh... What?... Oh, it was  
just a dream.

MR. LARGO

That was a close one, Lisa, but you  
made it!

LISA

I won first chair?

MR. LARGO

No, you regained consciousness...

Allison got first chair. And believe  
me, this is not a dream.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

Marge is washing dishes, Lisa approaches.

LISA

Mom, I think I've lost my identity.

MARGE

Did you check under your bed?

Marge GIGGLES.

LISA

Why is everything such a big joke to you?

MARGE

I'm sorry. I heard the mother on "Home Improvement" say it and everyone laughed.

LISA

I need help, Mom. There's another girl at school who's smarter, younger, and she plays the sax better. I feel so average.

MARGE

Lisa, you know you'll always be number one to me...

Bart enters.

BART

(CLEARS THROAT) He-llo. First born  
within earshot.

MARGE

Uh... I meant, my number one girl.

Maggie tugs on Marge's dress and stares up pathetically.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Oh, for Chri... Listen, Lisa, if  
you're determined to become better than  
you already are, I'll do everything I  
can to help... How about a brighter  
bulb for your study lamp?

LISA

Thanks, Mom. I'll sit on the floor  
clicking it on and off as I descend  
into madness.

MARGE

I'm not gonna get you the bulb unless  
you use it right.

EXT. LOVEJOY'S HOUSE

Homer is at the front door RINGING the BELL.

HOMER

(HAPPILY) Sugar Man!! Sugar Man!!

Homer has scooped some sugar out of the bag and is pouring  
it down his throat.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Mmm mm mmm, that's good sugar!

HELEN LOVEJOY flings open the door, wearing her nightgown.

HELEN

Mr. Simpson, what are you doing here?  
Do you know what time it is?

HOMER

I most certainly do. It's sugar time!  
And if you're like me, you know that  
the meal right before breakfast is the  
most important one of the day!

HELEN

But I already have sugar.

HOMER

Excellent! Then I don't have to sell  
you on it's sweet, sweet taste!

She **SLAMS** the door.

**EXT. SKINNER'S HOUSE - LATER**

Homer is at the front door.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Door to door sugar? What a marvelous  
idea!

SKINNER'S MOTHER (O.C.)

Seymour, you better not be buying sugar  
again!

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Mother, I'm a grown man. I can do as I  
wish. (TO HOMER) Excuse me. This will  
just take a sec.

The door quickly **SHUTS** for a beat, then re-opens halfway.



PRINCIPAL SKINNER (CONT'D)

Thanks a lot, Simpson! Now I'm  
grounded!

He **SLAMS** door.

**EXT. MOE'S PORCH**

It is a white trash home with a partially disassembled washer/dryer and an over-flowing garbage can with flies.

HOMER

Not only will sugar grow your hair  
back, it's also a great source of  
artificial pep and jitteriness!

Moe pulls a shotgun and points it at Homer.

MOE

Get lost.

HOMER

(SCREAMS)

Homer drops some sugar and it spills all over the floor.  
Moe shoves the barrel under Homer's throat.

MOE

Now you clean up every grain.

**INT. LISA'S CLASSROOM - LATER THAT DAY**

The students are taking another test.

RALPH

(WHISPERING) Hey, Allison, what's the  
answer to number nine?

ALLISON

Shhh!

RALPH (CONT'D)

How about one through eight?

ALLISON

I can't tell you, Ralph!

LISA

(EVEN THOUGH HE DIDN'T ASK) I can't  
tell you either, Ralph.

RALPH

(TO LISA) Leave me alone.

Lisa reacts. She then pretends to be talking to herself,  
hoping someone will copy from her.

LISA

(JUST LOUD ENOUGH FOR CLASSMATES TO  
HEAR) Hmmm, let me just check my  
answers... Number one is true, two is  
false, three is true...

STUDENTS

Shhh!

ALLISON

(WHISPERING TO LISA) Actually, number  
three is false.

LISA

(DARK MUTTER)

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

A depressed Lisa is walking down the hall with Bart.

BART

Sure, Lisa. Maybe Allison scores a point or two higher on tests, but all your apple-polishing and toadying still keeps you number one in the teachers' hearts.

LISA

(SATISFIED) Yeah, you're right.

Just as they walk by the teachers' lounge, Skinner, Hoover, and Krabappel step out with Allison.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

(LAUGHING) "Orange you glad I didn't say banana." You are the master of knock-knock, Allison!

MISS HOOVER

And thanks again for your valuable recycling suggestion.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Stop by anytime! Here's a key.

ALLISON

Thank you.

Allison takes the key and exits.

LISA

(MOANS) All I have is a key to the audio visual closet.

Lisa peeks longingly in the room as the door starts to close.

MISS HOOVER

(STERNLY, TO LISA) What are you  
looking at?!

She SLAMS door.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - LATER

We see Allison being shoved around by the same girls who  
shoved Lisa earlier.

GIRLS

"Brainiac," "Nerd," etc.

The bullies push Allison into a puddle.

LISA

(WISTFUL) Ah, that used to be my face  
in the mud...

BART

Aww, Lisa, it's no fun seeing you  
miserable when I'm not the cause of it.  
Hey, how about if I dig up some dirt on  
Allison and we bring her down to our  
level? (OFF LISA'S LOOK) Okay, my  
level.

LISA

I appreciate the offer, but it goes  
against every moral fiber in my body.

BART

Suit yourself.

LISA

(YELLING AFTER BART) But, I can't stop  
you!

**EXT. STREET - SAME DAY**

Homer is on street corner with bags of sugar. As people pass by, he throws handfuls of sugar at them.

HOMER

Sugar, sugar, sugar! It's "shuuu-good"!

MRS. GLICK walks by.

HOMER (CONT'D)

How about you, Ma'am? Sugar'll cure what ails ya!

MRS. GLICK

But I'm diabetic!

HOMER

That's okay. This is magic sugar!

Homer throws some in her face. Mrs. Glick **SCREAMS** and runs.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Damn diabetics!

He looks up and sees sign: **FAT FREDDY'S RESTAURANT.**

HOMER (CONT'D)

Mmm...fat. (GETTING AN IDEA) Hey, fat people like sugar!

**INT. FAT FREDDY'S - CONTINUOUS**

Homer enters. Behind the bar is a **FAT MAN** and a tall, extremely **THIN MAN**.

HOMER

Excuse me, which one of you guys is Fat Freddy?

THIN MAN

If I told you it was me, would you find  
the unexpected twist humorous, or would  
it just seem like a stale switcheroo  
gag?

HOMER

(STUMPED) Uh...

FAT FREDDY

Ah, don't listen to Shorty over there,  
I'm Fat Freddy. What can I do for you?

HOMER

I was wondering if you would like to  
buy some sugar.

FAT FREDDY

Sorry, pal. I get all my sugar from  
the A & B Cement Company.

HOMER

(COY) Oh, is that right? So you're  
all set? (SUDDENLY KICKING OVER A  
CHAIR) Well, perhaps you'd like to  
reconsider!

FAT FREDDY

Are you crazy?!

Homer grabs Fat Freddy by the lapels.

HOMER

You bet I'm crazy! Crazy for the taste  
of sugar! And you're gonna be, too.

Homer picks up a table and throws it across the room, smashing it into the jukebox. TWO GANGSTER TYPES come out of back room with guns drawn.

FAT FREDDY

Put your guns away! This guy means business! (TO HOMER, SCARED) Okay, I'll take a bag! Just please leave us alone.

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Homer and Marge are there. Homer is proudly holding up his dollar.

HOMER

(GLOATING) And you didn't think I knew how to sell! (INDICATING DOLLAR) Well, I guess ol' Jack Washington here would disagree.

MARGE

Homer, while you were out making that dollar, you lost forty dollars by not going to work. The plant called and said if you don't come in tomorrow, don't bother coming in Monday.

HOMER

Woo hoo! A four day weekend!

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

INT. LISA'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

A depressed Lisa is lying on her bed, looking around the room at some of her old awards. She starts to brighten.

LISA

Hey, I AM above average! So what if  
Allison's number one now instead of me?  
That's not going to hold me back. My  
future is still bright.

**LISA'S FANTASY**

Lisa is standing center stage on a "Tonight Show" like set.  
We hear the audience **APPLAUSE** and **CHEERS**.

LISA (CONT'D)

Thank you! We've got a terrific show  
for you tonight... (LOTS OF ENERGY)  
so let's do it!

The **MUSIC** kicks in. The audience **CHEERS**.

LISA

And now heeerrre's... Allison!

Allison comes out, **CENTER STAGE**, the audience **ROARS**. Lisa  
walks into the sidekick position.

ALLISON

Thanks, Lisa. (TO AUDIENCE) How many  
people got their envelope in the mail  
with Lisa's picture on it? (TO LISA)  
On mine, you almost look sober.

Audience goes **WILD**. Lisa forces a big, uncomfortable  
smile, having to go along.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Lisa snaps out of it.

LISA

A sidekick?! Even my own mind is  
against me.



Bart enters, holding a piece of paper.

BART

Lisa, I did some checking on Allison  
and I found out...

LISA

(GRABBING PAPER) Give it here! (SHE  
SCANS IT; THEN) She missed an entire  
month of school last year. Chronic  
absenteeism! I love it!

BART

Well, actually, the reason was she  
wrote a moving letter to Boris Yeltsin  
and was flown to Russia to address the  
Politburo.

LISA

(ANNOYED GRUNT) Hasn't she ever done  
anything bad?

BART

She's a little late on her booster  
shots...

LISA

(SIGHS) I've got to stop being so  
petty. Allison is a wonderful person.  
I should be working to be her friend,  
not her competitor.

BART

I'm proud of you, Lisa. Why compete with someone who's just gonna kick your butt anyway?

LISA

I prefer my phrasing.

INT. ALLISON'S LIVING ROOM - THAT EVENING

Lisa has just entered. Allison takes her coat.

ALLISON

It's great of you to come over, Lisa. I really want us to be friends.

LISA

(A BIT STRAINED) You're a wonderful person.

ALLISON'S FATHER enters the room.

MR. TAYLOR

Hi, Lisa. I'm Allison's father. I hear you're really smart.

LISA

(MODEST) Well...

MR. TAYLOR

Don't be modest. I'm glad we have someone who can join us in our anagram games.

ALLISON

We take proper names and rearrange the letters to form a description of that person.

MR. TAYLOR

Like, oh, I dunno, Alec Guinness.

ALLISON

(AFTER A BEAT) Genuine class.

MR. TAYLOR

Very good. Okay, Lisa. Jeremy Irons.

LISA

(AFTER A LONG BEAT) Jeremy's Iron.

MR. TAYLOR

(A BIT AWKWARDLY) That's very good for a first try. (A BEAT, THEN CHEERFULLY)  
Hey, I have a ball. Perhaps you'd like to bounce it.

**INT. ALLISON'S PLAYROOM - LATER**

It is a very large room with a ping pong table and an aquarium. There are trophies all over the room. They reflect so much light that Lisa must squint. Allison leads Lisa to an aquarium.

ALLISON

Lisa, do you like fish?

LISA

They're beautiful!

FISH (V.O.)

Greetings, Lisa! Allison taught me how to talk.

LISA

You taught your fish how to talk?!

ALLISON

(LAUGHS) Come on, Lisa, I'm just doing ventriloquism.

LISA

(WEAK LAUGH) Yes... ventriloquism.

Lisa notices a diorama for "The Telltale Heart". There is a cut-away model of a small house.

LISA (CONT'D)

What's this?

ALLISON

It's for the diorama competition. I chose the "The Telltale Heart," by Edgar Allen Poe. See, this is the bedroom where the old man was murdered. And this is where he's buried under the floorboard. And look, I used an old metronome to simulate the heartbeat that drove the killer insane.

She turns the diorama over and **FLICKS** a switch. The floor begins to pulsate to the sound of a **HEARTBEAT**.

LISA

You're finished already? But the competition isn't for weeks.

ALLISON

Well, I'm not quite done yet. I'm  
going to add a working dumbwaiter.  
It's not in the story, but it should  
be.

LISA

(NOT MEANING IT) Great.

She takes out her ball and tries to bounce it on the floor.  
It hits her shoe and rolls pathetically out the doorway.  
Mr. Taylor walks by and picks it up.

MR. TAYLOR

Got away from you, huh? Keep at it.

He hands Lisa the ball and pats her on the back.

INT. ALLISON'S PLAYROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

(A) Lisa and Allison are playing tri-level chess.

ALLISON

Checkmate... checkmate... and I would  
advise you to resign.

(B) They're playing PING-PONG. Lisa wins the deciding  
point.

LISA

(DOING VICTORY DANCE) Twenty-one! I  
beat you! You may be good at a lot of  
things, but I'm the Queen of Ping Pong!

She stops dancing by mantel where she sees trophy: ALLISON  
TAYLOR "QUEEN OF PING PONG". MUSIC STING.

LISA (CONT'D)

(ANGRY) You let me win, didn't you?!

ALLISON

(GENTLY) Well, I sensed you were  
getting a bit frustrated...

They hug.

**LISA'S FANTASY**

Lisa squeezes Allison until we hear vertebrae SNAP. She then head butts her, gives her several swift karate kicks and flips her on to her back. Lisa raises her arms in victory.

**BACK TO SCENE**

The girls are still hugging. Lisa smiles.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON BACKYARD - DAY BREAK

A sleepy Homer is slumped against sugar, holding a baseball bat.

HOMER

Must... protect... sugar... Thieves  
everywhere... The strong must protect  
the sweet... (SNORES)

Marge comes out wearing a robe.

MARGE

Homer?

HOMER

(IN HIS SLEEP, A LA SCARFACE) In  
America, first you get the sugar, then  
you get the power, then you get the  
women.

MARGE

(WAKING HIM) Homer, I want you to  
forget about guarding this stupid  
sugar. You're being completely  
paranoid.

HOMER

Oh am I, really?

Homer looks behind the mound of sugar.

HOMER (CONT'D)

A-ha!

He pulls out a well-dressed ENGLISHMAN in a bowler hat drinking a cup of tea.

HOMER (CONT'D)

All right, pal. Where'd you get the sugar for that tea?

ENGLISHMAN

I nicked it when you let down your guard for that split second. And I'd do it again.

He sips the tea and walks off.

MARGE

Hmm, I wonder if he's the one who's been taking my pies off the window-sill... Homer, when are you going to give up this crazy sugar scheme?

HOMER

Never. (WITH FEELING) Marge, I can't live the buttoned-down life like you. I want it all: the terrifying lows, the dizzying highs, the creamy middles. (WRYLY) Sure I might offend a few of the bluenoses with my cocky-stride and musky odors. Oh, I'll never be the darling of the so called (SCORNFULLY) "City Fathers" who cluck their tongues, stroke their beards, and talk about what's to be done with this Homer Simpson.



MARGE

Look, just get rid of the sugar, okay?

HOMER

No.

BEES begin flying into the yard and landing on the sugar.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS) Hey! Get off my sugar! Bad  
bees! Bad bees!

Homer tries to slap the bees and gets stung.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Ow! They're defending themselves  
somehow!

INT. LISA'S ROOM - DAY

Lisa is working on a diorama of a crowded Dickens street scene.

LISA

Look, Bart. It almost killed me, but I  
hand-crafted all seventy-five  
characters from Oliver Twist. And now  
the coup de grace - a bitter snowstorm.

Lisa turns on a FAN and throws some confetti in front of it. For a moment the illusion is stunning. Then the entire diorama is BLOWN out the window. Bart looks out the window.

LISA (CONT'D)

Is it okay?!

BART

The important thing is that we  
survived.

LISA

Oh who am I kidding? There's no way  
I'm ever going to beat Allison!

BART

Sure there is... (SINISTER)... but it  
involves being a bit underhanded, a bit  
devious, a bit Bart-like, if you will.

LISA

I'll do whatever it takes.

BART

Then welcome to the nether regions of  
the soul. Now here's what we do.  
Tomorrow morning when Allison comes out  
of her house, we spray her with the  
hose, soaking her from head to toe,  
leaving us relatively dry.

LISA

Relatively?

BART

Well, there's bound to be some  
splashback.

LISA

Bart, her being wet won't help me win  
the competition.

BART

Well, we could just sabotage her  
diorama, humiliating her in front of  
students and faculty.

LISA

Perfect!

BART

Leaving her primed for the most  
traumatic hose-soaking of her life.

LISA

Enough with the hose!

**EXT. HONEY FACTORY - SAME DAY**

The sign out front reads: GOLDSBORO'S HONEY

**INT. HONEY FACTORY**

Two BEEKEEPERS go into the honeycombs.

BEEKEEPER #1

Sure is quiet in here today.

BEEKEEPER #2

A little too quiet, if you know what I  
mean.

BEEKEEPER #1

I'm afraid I don't.

BEEKEEPER #2

Bees usually make a lot of noise. No  
noise suggests no bees.

BEEKEEPER #1

I understand now.

Beekeeper #1 notices several bees are flying away.

BEEKEEPER #1 (CONT'D)

Look, there goes one!

BEEKEEPER #2

To the Beemobile!

BEEKEEPER #1

You mean your chevy?

BEEKEEPER #2

(SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSED) Yes.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

A nondescript chevy drives down the street. Beekeeper #2 does bee-buzzing NOISES.

BEEKEEPER #1

Stop that.

**EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

The men from the bee company are talking to Homer. The sugar pile is covered with bees and there are more bees coming.

BEEKEEPER #1

Very clever, Simpson. Luring our bees to your sugar pile and selling them back to us at an inflated price.

HOMER

Bees are on the what, now?

BEEKEEPER #2

We're willing to pay you two thousand dollars for the swarm.

HOMER

Deal!

They begin to hand over the money. Suddenly there is a **CRASH** of **THUNDER** and it begins to rain. The bees fly away from the sugar.

BEEKEEPER #1

Wait a minute. The bees are leaving.

HOMER

They'll be back. They can't resist my sugar.

Homer's sugar pile begins to dissolve away.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Nooooooooo! It's melting!

ANGLE ON ENGLISHMAN

He is drinking tea and sees the sugar disappear.

ENGLISHMAN

(SPIT TAKE)

BACK TO SCENE

Homer throws himself on the pile of sugar trying to protect it from the rain, but to no avail. Soon the sugar is gone.

MARGE

I'm sorry, Homey.

HOMER

It's okay, Marge. I've learned my lesson. A mountain of sugar is too much for one man. It's clear now why God portions it out in tiny packets.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - THE NEXT DAY

A banner reads: "DIORAMA JUDGING TODAY." The entries are on stage; most have not yet been unveiled.

JANEY

(UPSET) But Principal Skinner, how can you say I didn't read the book?

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Well, for starters, Janey, there's no field-goal kicking mule in "Moby Dick".

JANEY

(TO SELF) I'm going to kill my brother!

Skinner and Hoover unveil a table with a large bunch of grapes on it. A sign reads: "The Grapes of Wrath". NELSON stands next to it.

MISS HOOVER

"The Grapes of Wrath"? I don't get it.

NELSON

(POINTING) Here's the grapes. And here's the wrath!!

He takes a sledgehammer from behind his back and smashes the grapes. They spray Hoover, Skinner and a row of students sitting in front covered in a plastic sheet.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Haw, haw!

They approach another diorama and unveil it.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Ah, let's see, our foreign exchange student has chosen "Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory". What the...

But this is just an empty box!

We see the foreign exchange student's face and hands are smeared with chocolate.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE STUDENT

(UPSET) I begged you to look at mine  
first!

Bart enters carrying box and sneaks over to Lisa.

BART

Okay, I'll create a diversion and you  
switch the dioramas.

Bart runs over to corner of room.

BART (CONT'D)

(JUMPING UP AND DOWN) Hey, everybody,  
look at me. I'm over here. Turn this  
way right now.

Everyone looks.

SHERRY

Hey, it's Bart!

MILHOUSE

And he's doin' stuff.

VARIOUS KIDS

Fascinating! Can't take my eyes off  
him...etc.

During this, Lisa grabs Allison's diorama off the table and  
leaves the other one in its place. She looks around  
frantically for a moment. She lifts up the trap door in  
the stage and hides Allison's underneath.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Bart, stop creating a diversion and get  
out of here!

BART

(TWO BIRD SQUAWKS)

Bart and Lisa exchange a "thumbs up." Bart runs back into the crowd.

MISS HOOVER

Okay, our next entry is, "The Telltale Heart" from Allison Taylor.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

(RUBBING HANDS TOGETHER) Ooh, I can't wait to see this. So, let's unveil the winner, I mean, next entry.

Skinner unveils Allison's diorama. It is a large gooey cow's heart. A sign painted in red says, "THE TELLTALE HEART."

CHILDREN

Eew!

MISS HOOVER

What is it?

BART

(YELLING IN DISGUISED VOICE) It's a cow's heart. (IN A DIFFERENT DISGUISED VOICE) They're trying to make a monkey out of you!

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Allison, is this supposed to be some kind of joke?!

ALLISON

(NEAR TEARS) I didn't do that! I made a different one!



PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Is that so? Well, where is this  
phantom diorama?

ALLISON

I don't know.

Lisa's eyes look toward the floorboards. She begins to  
hear a **HEARTBEAT**, which grows louder and louder.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

At least have the guts to take the  
blame, girl. You're only compounding  
your folly by lying about it.

BART

Right on!

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

As an educator, I have to take a stand  
on these issues. Cow hearts belong in a  
butcher's window, not the classroom.  
Maybe in an older student's biology  
classroom, but that is none of my  
business. Elementary school is where  
I wound up and it's too late to do  
anything about that. (POINTEDLY, TO  
ALLISON) Frankly, I'm starting to  
question the wisdom of skipping you  
ahead.

Allison gets teary eyed. Lisa covers her ears. The  
**HEARTBEAT** is deafening. The floor seems to be going up and  
down with each heartbeat.

LISA

(SCREAMS)

Everyone stares at Lisa.

MISS HOOVER

What's wrong?

LISA

It's the beating of his hideous heart!

(REGAINING COMPOSURE) I mean, I think

I hear something.

Lisa opens trap door and pulls out Allison's diorama.

LISA (CONT'D)

Well, how about that? Here's Allison's diorama. It got misplaced, ...or so it would seem.

Lisa brings it to Skinner and Hoover.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

(SUDDENLY CHEERFUL) Oh, well, that changes everything. Let's have a look.

Skinner unveils it. Everyone looks at it.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER (CONT'D)

(DISAPPOINTED) A little too sterile... no real insight. What do you think, Miss Hoover?

MISS HOOVER

(MAKING THE 'SO-SO' GESTURE) Eh.

The class mumbles various: "I knew she couldn't last", "Flash in the pan", "Last time I cheat off her paper", etc. Lisa and Allison react.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

This has been a very disappointing day.

Well, now on to Lisa Simpson.

BART

You're a shoe-in now, Lisa.

LISA

I don't deserve to win.

Skinner unveils Lisa's "Oliver Twist" diorama.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Well, this doesn't deserve to win.

LISA

(INSULTED) Huh?

The students mumble various: "Dime a dozen", "Uninspired", "Nothing I haven't seen before", etc. Lisa and Allison react.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

(MUTTERING) And now we're into the

dregs. ...Let's get this thing over

with. Here's Ralph Wiggum's entry.

Skinner unveils Ralph's diorama. It is simply a collection of store bought action figurines, still in their packages.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER (CONT'D)

"Star Wars: The Novelization"?! Are

those the limited edition action

figures?

RALPH

I don't know, my dad got 'em.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Why, it's Luke, and Obie-Wan... and my favorite, Chewie. They're all here!

(TO HOOVER) What do you think?

MISS HOOVER

I think it's lunchtime.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

We have a winner!

Skinner sticks a blue ribbon on it. All the kids CHEER. Lisa and Allison exchange a pure appalled look of astonishment, and shake their heads.

EXT. STREET - AN HOUR LATER

The kids get off of the school bus. Lisa and Allison start walking home.

LISA

(SINCERE) I'm really sorry about what I did, Allison. But, I've just never met anyone who is better than me in so many things.

ALLISON

It's okay. You probably did me a favor, Lisa. I've always put so much pressure on myself to be the best. Now that I know what it's like to lose, I know it's not the end of the world.

Ralph Wiggum comes skipping up from behind proudly carrying his prize winning entry.

RALPH

(SINGING TO HIMSELF) I beat the smart  
kids, I beat the smart kids...

Ralph trips and falls, landing on his project.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I crushed my Wookies!

Lisa and Allison help Ralph up.

LISA

C'mon, Ralph. Want to go play ping-  
pong with me and Allison?

RALPH

(BLINKS BLANKLY) My cat's breath  
smells like cat food.

The three walk off together.

FADE OUT:

THE END